

Eradicate the doubt

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/961) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/961>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Voyager
Relationship:	Kathryn Janeway & Chakotay
Character:	Kathryn Janeway , Chakotay
Additional Tags:	Missing Scene
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of prompt in a box
Stats:	Published: 2013-09-14 Words: 1,180 Chapters: 1/1

Eradicate the doubt

by [lilly_c](#)

Summary

There are two choices

Notes

Spoiler for Caretaker. Written for prompt in a box on LJ, prompt was For a man of the world, you're strangely naive. Missing scene. Oneshot. My take on the unseen conversation between Janeway and Chakotay when she made him her first officer. Any mistakes are my own and unintentional.

Kathryn was standing, staring at the doors of the living quarters that until recently were assigned to Commander Cavit, a man she only knew professionally, and barely at that because he kept his distance from her whenever they were on duty together. These were one of only a handful of locations throughout Voyager that she hadn't entered once she'd assigned them to her previously assembled crew. Heaving a hesitant sigh she hadn't realised she was holding, she stepped closer to the doors, pressing the chime with her thumb before stepping back to await acknowledgement.

A short beat later (it felt like forever to her) she heard the "come in" call of the man who should be a prisoner now, and not, what she was here to offer him, First Officer.

Chakotay looked up from the box he had been unpacking, Voyager had managed to salvage some of the Maquis personal effects before the Val Jean smashed into the Kazon fighter vessel. Noticing that Kathryn hadn't yet spoken since she entered, he asked, "Is there a problem Capitan?" taking in the vacant look her eyes held.

Broken from her inventory of the now likely to be more homely space, she shook her head. "No, there isn't. I actually have a couple of things I'd like to discuss with you."

Chakotay gestured for her to have a seat on one of the chairs in the area that would become his personal office. Kathryn sat down, leaning forward and resting her elbows on her knees, head in her hands. "I'm not sure you're going to like what I'm about to say," she quietly said.

Confusion briefly flicked over Chakotay's features. "I won't know if I'll like what you're about to say unless you actually say it. I can leave the unpacking for a while," he said, keeping his offer of a long discussion open.

"How's the leg?" she asked, trying to make small talk before getting to the real things she wanted to go over with him.

"It's still a little sore but I can put more weight on it when I walk now."

Kathryn smiled. "That's good."

Deciding that two could play that game, "How's the wrist?" he asked, not genuinely interested about the injury she sustained whilst escaping from the Ocampas' collapsing tunnels.

Touché Mr Chakotay, she thought before speaking again. "I broke two bones and it's a little tender but that's to be expected."

A sudden heavy and uncomfortable silence descended in the room, forcing Kathryn to clear her throat. "As it is likely that we'll be out here for

the next seventy years, I wanted to sound you out about two things.”

“Merging the crews and giving me a field commission,” he said as though he'd just read her mind.

Trying to keep her *Jesus that is unnerving* expression from starting, she began, “I know from the intelligence files I have that you have some command experience and I would like you to be my First Officer.”

Chakotay studied her for several minutes believing her to be joking. When he eventually spoke, Kathryn was unprepared for his response to her first proposal. “I left Starfleet, and everything they stood for behind a long time ago Captain. The things that they, along with the Cardassians did to my people and to colonies along the border aren't easy to forget and I don't easily forgive and forget anything that I consider to be a personal attack.”

Kathryn nodded, all the while she kept thinking *for a man of the world, you're strangely naïve* but that could be the years of freedom fighting giving him a jaded view of everything she held on to dearly even though she agreed in principal with the Maquis and what they stood for because of her own experiences with the Cardassians. “Now the second thing,” she started.

“How to merge the crews, and who to assign key roles to,” he half asked, half stated.

He was doing it again, reading her mind. “Once we merge the crews, I'd like for the ship to be a Starfleet one.” He was about to interrupt when she put her hand up. “I would like to integrate some of the combat tactics the Maquis used, possibly more things if this does work out.”

Realising that she was uncertain about this merger and what could happen if it didn't work, he spent a few moments collecting his thoughts. “It will take a while for my crew to embrace being Starfleet personnel but I will do whatever I can to help them to adjust to the proposed changes.” Once more he was studying her and her seemingly imperceptible reactions to the situation they were in. “I'm sure that something can be arranged to add some, but not all, of our tactics to your systems.”

Nodding her agreement, Kathryn said, “There is one person who's field commission may not be to your liking, Chakotay.”

His eyes fixed on her the moment his name left her lips and the way it sounded. Like it is the most natural thing for her to say. “Who is it Ka.. Captain?”

“Tom Paris,” Kathryn said, smirking at the near slip of the tongue from her companion. “He will be given the rank of Lieutenant and he will be the helmsman.”

Chakotay pondered her obvious trusting of the disgraced young man but that was an opinion he could keep to himself for the time being considering that same man did recently save his life. A moment later he realised that Kathryn was still awaiting a response from him. “That could be a mistake but only time will tell. My life belongs to him.” He added in a half teasing half menacing tone, “I will take responsibility for his safety.”

Ignoring the possible threat to her soon to be pilot and the lingering doubts he was clearly having about the two choices, Kathryn stood up, her hands flattening non-existent creases on her uniform before heading towards the door. She turned before the sensor detected her biosign, “I'll leave you to finish unpacking and give you some time to decide.”

Chakotay nodded, before resuming his rummage through the box on the table. “Goodbye Captain,” he said before she exited the room. Kathryn flashed an understanding smile as she stepped out in to the corridor.

Once the doors had closed he sat down in the seat Kathryn had just occupied and began to weigh up the options that were available to him now that they were in an uncharted part of the galaxy. Of course his crew could mutiny and take over the ship but he knew that he was warming up to Kathryn's suggestions of merging the crews and giving his official commissions.

The Caretaker's array and Kathryn's decision to destroy it had given him some of the things he had forfeited years ago – a life and a real freedom, along with the knowledge that he and his crew wouldn't be seeing the inside of a prison cell for a number years made the choices he had easier to consider.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!